

RING GIANTS READY FOR GONG AT RENO

Johnson and Jeffries at Last to Meet in the "Fight of the Century."

FEVERISH THOUSANDS ON THE SCENE

Nevada City Jammed to the Rim with People from All Over World, Including Fitzsimmons, Sharkey, Burns, an Army of Ex-Champions and Newspaper Representatives.

Reno, July 3.—James J. Jeffries, former boilermaker and at present a temporarily retired farmer, will fight Jack Arthur Johnson, negro, and holder of the heavy-weight championship of the world, for the title that is his and the winner's share of a purse of \$101,000 to-morrow.

By agreement, the two pugilists will pound each other with five-ounce gloves until one or the other falls and is counted out. If neither is so mastered within forty-five rounds, the referee, Tex Rickard, will award the decision to whichever one he believes has earned the victory.

This event is called "the fight of the century." That means—and followers of pugilism firmly believe it—that there will not be in this century such another match between heavy-weights.

Experts who have studied both men, and followers of sports who know their records, declare that they are at the knife edge of perfection, physically, and that the battle they will fight to-morrow will probably be the most notable event of its kind since the first gentlemen of Europe began to favor the London prize-ring a hundred years ago.

FIGHTERS READY TO MEET.

Jeffries, who was a retired heavy-weight champion, finding none that could beat him, is thirty-five years old. Johnson, who became active champion of the heavy-weight class by beating Tommy Burns in Australia on Christmas Day, 1908, is thirty-one years old. Jeffries has trained for to-morrow's event sixteen months, having to overcome all of the physical disabilities entailed by his long retirement. Johnson has trained seriously only about three months. He was an athlete in training when articles of the fight were signed.

Both men say they are ready for to-morrow's contest. Both of them stopped the routine of hard work in their camps near Reno three days ago. To-day Johnson did nothing but limber his fighting muscles with light exercise at the weights. Jeffries went out on the Carson City turnpike in the cool of the evening and did several short, sharp sprints. That was the end. To-morrow they will come into Reno about noon, ready to fight. The arena wherein the contest will be held, which will seat 16,000 persons, if there are that many wanting seats—was finished late to-night.

Assurance of Fairness.

The last word as to the genuineness of to-morrow's battle was spoken to-day by Promoter Rickard and Gov. Dickerson both renewed their former pledges that the fight was to be on the square. For the thousands at Reno these assurances were hardly necessary, because with every mile separating the Eastern cities from Reno the sports have left more and more behind them the suspicions that are harbored there.

Nobody in Reno has breathed a word about there being a frame-up since the fighters moved their camps here two weeks ago, nor has any of the experts who have come long distances and have watched both fighters rounding off their training, voiced even a whisper of doubt about the genuineness of the encounter.

Here is what the governor of Nevada said over the long distance telephone from Carson to-day:

"May the Best Man Win."

"The laws of the State of Nevada permit of boxing contests such as the Jeffries-Johnson affair. I have absolutely no power to interfere with this one, but if I thought for a moment that the contest was to be a so-called frame-up I would have it called off without further notice. However, I firmly believe that it will be open and above board, and, incidentally, the greatest battle in the history of the ring. I hope to be there to witness it and enjoy it. I wish Promoters Rickard and Gleason and the fighters all the luck in the world. I am not arguing in favor of fights now, but I believe that so long as the battle has come to Nevada it is the duty of each one of the citizens of the State to do what he can to encourage it. May the best man win."

Tex Rickard's vaudeville he worded thus: "I want to assure my friends that there is no possible chance of a frame-up. I have been said that I asked for the appointment of a secondary referee, so that I might step down and out at the critical moment and allow the appointee to finish the work for me. There is no possible chance of that happening. Charlie White has been appointed as the auxiliary official who is to step into the ring in case these few fellows hand me a package and put me out of business. I have no doubt that, but in the event of an accident coming that might incapacitate me it is well to have the protection of knowing that the battle must go to a successful conclusion. I think that it will be the world's greatest battle, and I want to assure everybody now that it is absolutely on the level."

City Hot and Crowded.

To-day Reno is gasping with suffocation, and the very switch engines that pant back and forth in the jammed railroad yards, trying to shoulder the scores of heavy Pullmans back into solid lines on the spurs, vent hectic bursts of overstrained nerves. Because the avalanche has commenced. It is as if the whole

eastern crest of the Sierras that lie burned in the sun just west of the town had slipped from its moorings and plunged down on this insignificant little cluster of stone and wood.

Between 6 o'clock this morning and the rising of the sun on Independence Day over 100 railroad cars from the two cardinal points of the railroad compass East and West will have backed into Reno, dumped their suffering freight, and pulled out to free space of desert for all the world like big Bill Edwards' snow cars backing onto a wharf over East River to unload.

The first train over the mountains from the Coast gets in before daylight. It is as strong as the electricity over the cables' wires, and in the three extra cars that it hauled on the tail of the line there were 120 red-eyed sports who had sat up all night through the smoky snows because there was not a berth to be had for a Ratsul's ransom. Hardly had these folk lost themselves in the drifting crowd of panhandlers, hoboes, and common dums, which had clustered the streets all night before another long train of day coaches from San Francisco which had dallied at Sacramento, Auburn, Dutch Flat, and all the mountain towns up to the summit to pick up the local bloods, snorted up to the station, discharged its freight, and straightaway switched back to the mountain track again, bound for another load.

Special from Seattle.

The first special train arrived at 9 o'clock from Seattle. It had come over the Oregon Short Line, through Ogden because of the sheer press of traffic on the Western end of the Southern Pacific. Nine dusty Pullmans were in line behind the heavy engine, and one dining-car. Sports, these Seattle fellows, and they didn't care who knew it. The first articles of luggage that came out of the combined smoker and baggage car were the three surviving cases of champagne that had defied extinction on the desert, and right up to the special rooms in the various hotels were reserved and waiting went the champagne.

Fourteen cars on a special train pulled in from Ogden at a few minutes after 11 o'clock. They were filled with Mormons. Venerable elders, with beards hanging over their expansive shirt bosoms, made no bones of showing that they had come to Reno to see a fight, and that to prosecute among the gamblers. If there was a Mormon preacher on the train, he kept his identity hidden among his kin, for there has been only one preacher, distinguishable as such, visible on the streets of Reno in the last two days, and, as Reno puts it, he was "panned proper."

As fast as the specials came in they were choo-chooed up the track to be slipped over on a siding, where they lay until the great exodus begins on the night after the fight. Lucky members of these special parties will sleep and dine on their trains, and they can put a gentle finger to the nose any time a man asks them how they like life in Reno.

San Francisco Party In.

The "Millionaire's Special" from San Francisco, which is to be the classiest train of the lot, outside of the New York special, slipped down the grade from the West at noon to-day. The train was made up of seven Pullman sleepers and buffet and baggage car. Rosy rumor has it that there is not a man who was aboard that cannot sign his check for something like a million, and they are for the most part members of the Bohemian and Union League clubs of San Francisco. They were 20 strong, and strong also for a white man's victory to-morrow. Each of them wore in the lapel of his coat a big white button, inscribed: "Good luck to Tex Rickard, the greatest sport on earth."

As the special cars and special trains began to pile up from East and West to spread them out along the map, Sparks, the end of the railroad division, three miles, and some shucks of a town itself, began to draw long strings of Pullmans before noon. There is a trolley

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Popular Excursion, Baltimore & Ohio R. R., July 10.

\$1.00 to Hagers Ferry, Charlestown, Summit Point, Stephenson, and Winchester and return. Special train from Union Station 8:30 a. m., returning same day.

STORY OF THE BATTLE.

Do not fail to read the complete stories of the greatest ring contest of the century in The Washington Herald to-morrow morning. Rex Beach, Mike Murphy, and a half dozen of the best sporting writers of the day will describe the fight at Reno this afternoon.

Come to The Washington Herald office at 4:30 o'clock and hear the returns round by round and blow by blow. Direct wires to the ringside and the "Original Megaphone Man" make a strong combination. Better be one of the crowd.

If you cannot be present, call up Main 3300, and you will instantly be informed of the progress of the battle.

JEFF GOES TO RING HIS OWN MAKING

Mike Murphy Makes Final Comparison of Men.

STILL PICKS JOHNSON

Special Writer Says He Has an Advantage.

Though He Is Handicapped by Encouragement and Well Wishes Which Jeffries Gets, He Is Going to Be a Storm in the Arena—White Giant Shuns Hard Work in Spite of His Second's Advice.

(Copyright by The North American Company and The Washington Herald.)

By MIKE MURPHY.

Reno, July 3.—Win or lose to-morrow, Jeffries will have made his own fight.

If he triumphs, he will have a right to every iota of the glory. Nothing can take it from him. There will be no Delaney to say that he got him into winning condition or no Tommy Ryan to tell about teaching the protecting crouch or any other ring device.

Should he lose, he can put the blame on nobody but himself. His training associates, Corbett, Choy-ski, Berger, Armstrong, and the rest, have been nothing. They have begged him to box. He has ignored them.

And to-morrow he will pay no attention to what they tell him to do in the ring.

Except that they will do the mechanical work of fanning him with towels or rubbing his legs Jeffries might as well have no seconds, for he will make his own fight, absolutely, the same as he has done his own training.

Business Is His Own.

Jack Jeffries admitted as much to me to-day. I was regretting to him that Jeffries had not seen fit to substitute hard, honest work for rubbing. I reminded Jack that on several occasions I had warned him that Jeffries had really done no training at all at Reno; that he had hardly taken any more exercise than any ordinary man with a little spare time would take to keep the loose flesh off. Jack admitted that it was all true, but said it had been useless to try to move the former boilermaker. He knew his own business, he said, on the occasions when he designed an answer, and would win or lose according to his own plans.

The fact is that Jeffries is rather proud of his wonderful ring career, which is unmarred by a defeat or even a knock-down. He holds himself in knowledge above those who have sought to tell him what to do. In his earlier fights he was content to be guided and was a most easy man to handle, but now he is boss, and in the ring he will be his own tactician.

I made a sort of poll to-day among some of the writers who are experts on condition, and there is no doubt that all are affected largely by the confidence of the Jeffries followers and are certain he will win.

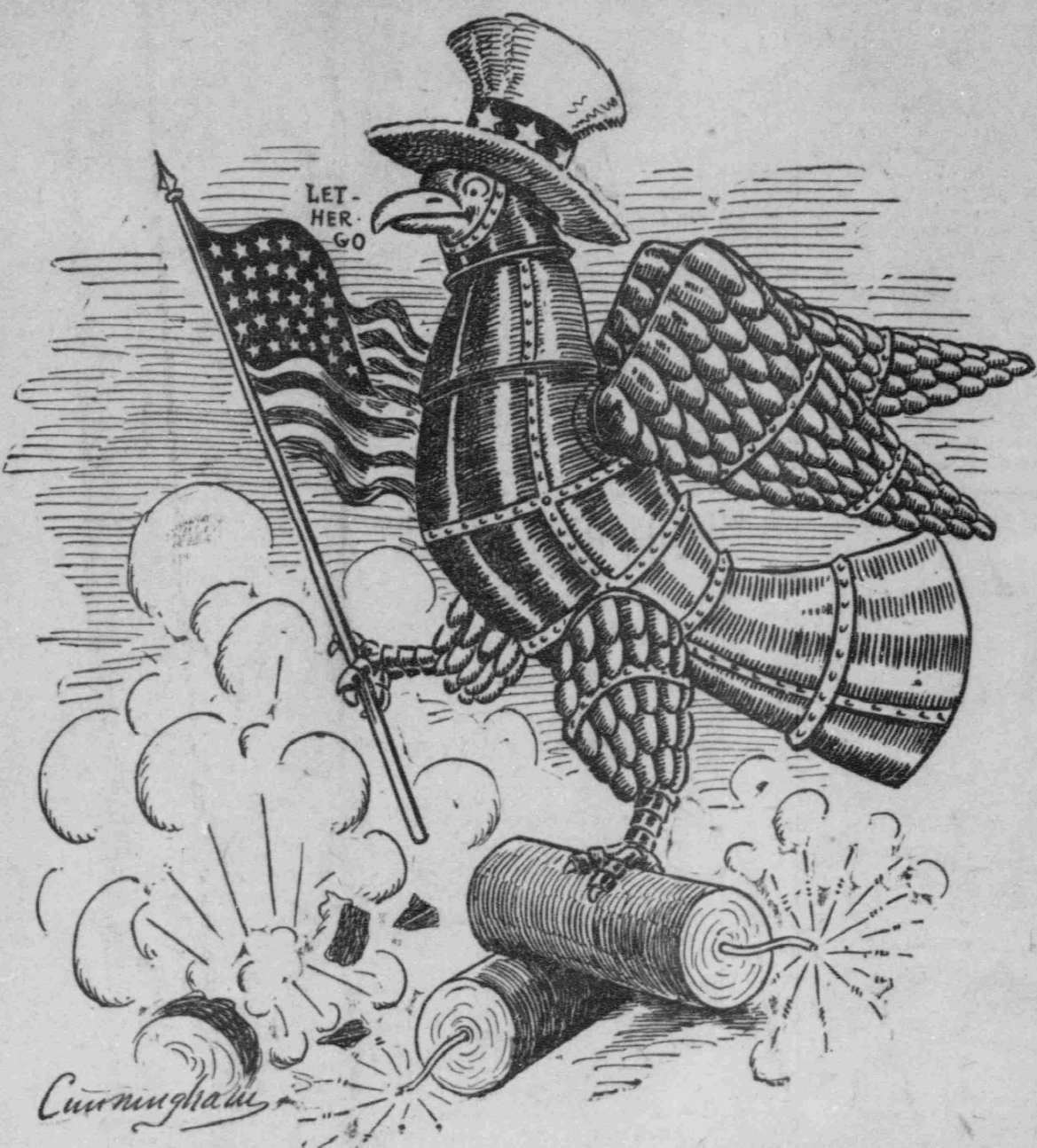
Jack London, Lewis, Edgren, and a host of others are confident of Jeffries. In his attention on both men, and he says that if Johnson makes the fight he is capable of, there will be the biggest upset since Corbett dropped Sullivan.

If this black will fight as he has the power to do, he will better Jeffries, sure. But, in answer to this, the Jeffries followers tell you that he lacks the nerve and that, while he is a fine boxer, it will

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Extra at Chevy Chase Lake This Afternoon! Marine Band Music, 2 to 5, for dancing. Usual evening programme.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.



"JEFFRIES WILL WIN," DECLARES REX BEACH

"By All the Laws of Science and Reason," He Writes, "Though I Never Picked a Sure Thing."

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By REX BEACH.

Reno, July 3.—The day is here. Moana Springs and Ricks' resort are restless havens; Reno is a scene of riot. The clans here massed and the martial strains of pipes are heard. Along with the crowd here came the jacks who hang upon the flanks of a moving herd.

They are here in force—gamblers, touts, wire tappers, "dips," and strong arm men, but that is to be expected and sheds no light upon the moral side of this affair.

There are the nine spots in the hand counting nothing for high, low, jack, or game.

But Nevada, be she however liberal in her divorce laws and prize fight statutes, guards her peace with jealous hand. The State police are here to aid the local authorities, and with them they have brought some 15,000 records of birthmarks, thumb prints, and physical peculiarities as systematized by Mr. Bertillon.

It is going hard with the light-fingered, warp-moralized gentry who toll not except upon compulsion and spin nothing but alibis. The chain-gang is growing and the calaboose is putting in cots.

Their bejeweled brethren who sleep by day and measure checks by night are apprised of their coming and have taken warning. No longer does one see diamond scarfpins or jeweled watch fobs in public; neckties are worn with a hole in them; watches are piled in safes.

Like a Van Election Day.

The hotel lobbies remind one of polling places. Automobiles crowd the pavements, and one has to horn his way through the press after the fashion of a steer upon the ramparts.

Bad snatching has become a science; landladies have lost all sense of decency. Upon the gravelled roof the caravansary long rows of cots have been stretched where the overburdened may rest with their pants between the pillow while it strives to read its answer in the stars.

Now is the hour in which every man makes bold to pick the winner, and I would be less than human did I not do likewise. Whether my guess proves fight or wrong, I have an even chance of demonstrating my astuteness, and that is a better percentage than one has in most of Reno's games. I am lacking in that admirable spirit of caution which prompted one man, when pressed to name the winner, to announce that the victor would be the man whose first and last name began with J. I boldly bear the banner of James Jeffries.

I see him as a winner for three reasons. Granting that the two contestants will be evenly matched to the weight of a hair in regard to science, condition, and courage, there are three qualities in the white man upon which I pin my faith: one is psychological, two are physiological.

Strong Mentality.

First and foremost, he possesses a mentality lacking in his antagonist, and, mind, after all, is stronger than matter. In his training he has had the contact and stimulus of better minds than was the negro.

While to the uninitiated they may appear a laughable promise upon which to base a prediction of the outcome of a prize fight yet in reality it is a tremendous thing. The man of education will outlast the man of ignorance in any test of endurance, he will even match in strength. In our civil war it was the clerks, the lawyers, the doctors, the educated soldiers who finished the arduous campaigns that resulted in the collapse of the better muscled mechanics, farm hands, and men of low mentality.

Second—Jeffries possesses a certain physical peculiarity, which, I believe, has never been touched upon, and of which I knew nothing until I talked with his physician. This man has made an exhaustive study of the retired champion, and finds that his ribs come down to

within an inch of his hip bones, whereas in most men there is the space of a hand's breadth at the waist which is not protected.

Inasmuch as most of the vital organs lie in this vulnerable region, it is plain what an advantage Jeffries possesses over an opponent built according to the usual plans and specifications. Between his ribs and the point of his hips there is scarcely room to lay a finger, and when he assumes his fighting pose his vital organs are enclosed within a cage of bone. Nature likewise has endowed him with a short, stiff neck, which, when drawn down between his shoulders, protects his jaw.

The Favoritism of Youth.

My third reason has to do with the all-important question of youth, to which I drew attention in my first story. There is a common medical saying to the effect that a man is as old as his arteries.

In other words, age shows itself first in a hardening of the walls of these vital blood-carrying canals, and once these have lost their elasticity a man is old, be his years few or many.

It is this lack of accommodation to increased heart action that brings fatigue, shortness of breath, collapse. Athletes whose arteries have lost their spring virtually choke themselves with blood. My medical informant states that careful examination shows Jeff to still retain that artery expansion he had in former years, which should offset any advantage Johnson may have in point of age.

It is largely upon these three things that I predicate my choice, and yet while the white man figures to win by all the laws of science and reason, I am mindful of the fact that I am an unlucky guesser.

I never invested in a proved mine that did not peter out; I never picked a sure thing that did not lose; I never bought stocks that did not fail. While I am sure of the outcome in my own mind, I am from Joplin—I am waiting to be shown.

TWO GIRLS KILLED.

Sisters Auto Victims on Scene of Train-wrecked Tallyho.

New York, July 3.—At the crossing of the Merrick road, where thirteen years ago a tallyho coach, loaded with holiday makers, was run into and five persons killed, a touring car carrying Andrew Crawford, a cloak manufacturer, of Riverdale, his daughters, Charlotte, 13, and Jeannette T. 17, and a driver, was struck to-day by a Long Island Railroad train, and the two girls were killed instantly. Mr. Crawford and the driver were injured.

As the automobile was crossing the track the locomotive struck it just back of the middle, picking it up and tossing it to one side as if it had been a toy of tin. One of the girls was carried with the mass of wreckage, and was found beneath the crumpled-up car a few yards from the track. The other was thrown clear of the car a few yards further away.

STEAMER BALTIC HIT.

Big Liner Makes Port with Little Damage by Accident.

New York, July 3.—The steamship Baltic, colossus of the White Star fleet and before the launching of the Cunard and Lusitania the biggest passenger carrier in the world, arrived off the Ambrose Channel lightship this evening, slightly damaged through collision in midocean on Thursday last with a German tank steamship, the Standard. A wireless message said the collision occurred 100 miles from this port.

Among the Baltic's passengers are the Earl of Suffolk, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Clarence Vance, and Rev. D. Parker Morgan.

\$6.00 to Mountain Lake Park, Md., and Return.

Baltimore & Ohio, June 28 to July 12, valid for return until July 18; also July 29 to August 23, valid for return until August 21. Splendid through train service.

WEATHER FORECAST.

For the District of Columbia—Unsettled weather, with probably thunder showers to-day and to-morrow; no decided change in temperature; light to moderate variable winds, mostly southerly.

HERALD NEWS SUMMARY.

Pages.

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- 2—Mike Murphy's Views.
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- 4—Taft and Roosevelt in Accord.
- 5—S. G. Cornwell Dead.
- 6—Southern Wages Scale Raised.
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- 8—Sharkey and Fitz Meet.
- 9—Jeffries Thought to Be Drowned.
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- 13—Open-air Y. M. C. A. Service.
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- 15—Views on Timely Topics.
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- 17—Nationals in Double-Header To-day.
- 18—Records of the Fighters.
- 19—Pastor Scores Reno Fight.
- 20—Salvation Army Celebrates.

TAFT IN ACCORD WITH ROOSEVELT

Hand-in-hand for Good of Party This Fall.

IT MEANS SUCCESS IN 1912

New York, July 3.—The New York Sun to-morrow morning will print the following special from Beverly:

President Taft and Col. Roosevelt are in perfect accord. Between them there is understanding, not expressed perhaps, but tacit. Between them they will play out the great game that is to end only at the polls next November, and that will result in a Republican or a Democratic House of Representatives, and that may indicate the way in which another election in 1912 may go.

As to the outcome of that other election, they have the same belief or hope the next President of the United States must be a member of the G. O. P.

Minor differences of opinion as to whether or not a Chief Forester of the United States and a personal friend of one man was fired unjustly and questions of the fitness of certain Cabinet officials, will be subordinated. Col. Roosevelt has been called the "greatest living American," and conservatives have laughed, but few would deny that he is the greatest living politician in the country.

Taft Is "Titular" Leader.

President Taft is the "titular" head of the Republican party. He has said so in speeches. A few months ago he has said politics; probably he does yet, but at the same time he is going to fight to retain control of the House and to assure the party of victory in 1912. He has far too many good friends who might be sacrificed by his lack of interest to ever sit quietly by and see defeat come if he could prevent it.

It was admitted after the conference between the President and Col. Roosevelt that politics had entered but little into the conversation. The colonel, back at Oyster Bay, declared that still he had not made up his mind as to his attitude toward the Taft administration. The President, at Beverly, let it be known that what he and the former President had to say of things political was taboo, not to be discussed at all.

At the tea party on the porch of the

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\$11.00 Niagara Falls Excursion, July 8.

Baltimore & Ohio.

Special train of Standard coaches and parlor cars from Washington, 7:35 a. m. Route via Philadelphia and Lehigh Valley R. R. Tickets valid for return within fifteen days. Liberal stop-overs returning. Cheap side trips from Niagara Falls. Other excursions July 22, August 4, 19, September 4, 19, and 26.

LEADING GROCER DIES IN HOSPITAL

Samuel G. Cornwell Fails to Rally After Operation.

PROSTRATED BY HEAT

Fainting Fall Causes Blood Clot on Brain.

Well-known Business Man Never Regains Consciousness and Sinks Steadily Until End Comes Quietly with Family at Bedside—Firm Established by His Father, More Than Fifty Years Ago.

Failing to respond to stimulants after a delicate operation, Samuel G. Cornwell, head of the wholesale and retail grocery house of G. G. Cornwell & Sons, who was stricken by the heat Saturday, died last night at 9 o'clock at Emergency Hospital.

When Mr. Cornwell was overcome by the heat he was on the basement stairs of the big grocery store at 1412 Pennsylvania avenue. He fell backward, striking his head on a step. He was taken to the hospital, and yesterday morning an operation to remove a clot of blood from his brain was performed by Dr. W. Sinclair Bowen, of Stoneleigh Court, the family physician.

Never Regains Consciousness.

It was successful, but in his weakened condition Mr. Cornwell did not rally from the shock. He died without regaining consciousness.

Mrs. Cornwell and her three sons, who were summoned to the hospital soon after the accident, remained at Mr. Cornwell's bedside most of the night, and were in the building when he was taken to the operating table.

Mr. Cornwell, who was one of Washington's leading business men, was fifty-nine years old. The grocery business of which he was head is more than half a century old, and was established by his father. The Cornwell residence is at 1339 Girard street.

It was about 7 o'clock Saturday night that Mr. Cornwell fainted. He had gone to the basement of the building to hunt for some brand of goods a customer wanted, and when he did not return the clerks became alarmed.

Removed to Hospital.

They found him unconscious at the foot of the stairs. After an ambulance surgeon had tried in vain to restore him, he was taken to Emergency, and Dr. Bowen was summoned. Through the night the physicians worked over him, but he grew worse, lapsing into semi-consciousness at intervals, but never becoming fully conscious.

In the morning the operation was decided upon as a last resort, and after he had come from the operating table, with the blood clot caused by the fall removed, he rallied. But in the afternoon he sank steadily, until the doctors announced there was little hope for his life. In the early evening, the end came quietly, with the family at the bedside.

All day Saturday Mr. Cornwell had complained of feeling ill, but insisted on remaining at his post. He was a busy day. The doctors said last night that the fall and blow killed him. When Mr. Cornwell felt the thermometer was nearly in the shade.

Bulletins were issued Saturday night, stating Mr. Cornwell was not in a serious condition, so his death came as a shock to those of his many friends who had heard of it later story, as it was. Mr. Cornwell was nearly prostrated by the shock. Mr. Cornwell was the first heat victim of the summer.

PENROSE ON YACHT.

Rumor He Was Drowned Fails of Confirmation.

Atlantic City, July 3.—Rumors that Senator Boies Penrose had been drowned from his yacht, Betty, in which he was on a cruise, are believed incorrect. Every effort to learn their truth proved unavailing. It created a stir there, and searchers started out once. They are still scouring the coast.

SENATOR LODGE RETALIATES.

Believed to Have Blocked Ames on Aeroplane Test.

Boston, July 3.—Representative Butler Ames and his friends believe he has Senator Lodge to thank for the refusal of the Navy Department to detail a torpedo boat to test the lifting power of an aeroplane designed by the Lowell Representative.

On the heels of the Navy Department's decision came the charged that Representative Ames was given tacit promise some time ago that a torpedo boat would be assigned for the purpose; that this promise was given by no less a person than Secretary of the Navy Meyer, and that yesterday a revocation of that promise is to be taken as an answer to Ames' declaration of his candidacy against Senator Lodge.

AERONAUT IS KILLED.

Rain Weakens His Machine and It Collapses at Rheims.

Rheims, July 3.—Charles Wachter, a French aviator, was killed by the fall of his aeroplane at the opening of the aviation week here to-day. The weather was stormy, and rain was driving across the exposed plain on which the course is located. Nobody ventured onto this morning except Wachter, who, notwithstanding the strong wind, covered twenty-eight miles in forty-three minutes with an Antoinette monoplane.

The drenching rain seems to have weakened his machine, for when the rain ceased and Wachter was circling at a height of about 500 feet, the wings of his machine seemed to suddenly fall. They folded up above the body of the machine, which dropped straight to the earth like a stone. It fell in an oat field a mile from the press stand, and was smashed to fragments.

\$21.40 to Detroit, Mich., and Return, Baltimore & Ohio.

Account B. P. O. Elks, July 7 to 10, valid for return until July 21, and may be extended upon payment of fee of \$1.00, until August 20. Ask agents for particulars.